

CITY HALL.
—
A GRAND
C O N C E R T
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL,

IN AID OF

The Hellmuth College Chapel Fund.

Friday Evening, Nov. 24, 1871.

CONDUCTOR, MR. G. B. SIPPI.

Programmes, with the words of the Songs, &c., can be procured
at E. A. Taylor & Co's., and W. L. Carrie's.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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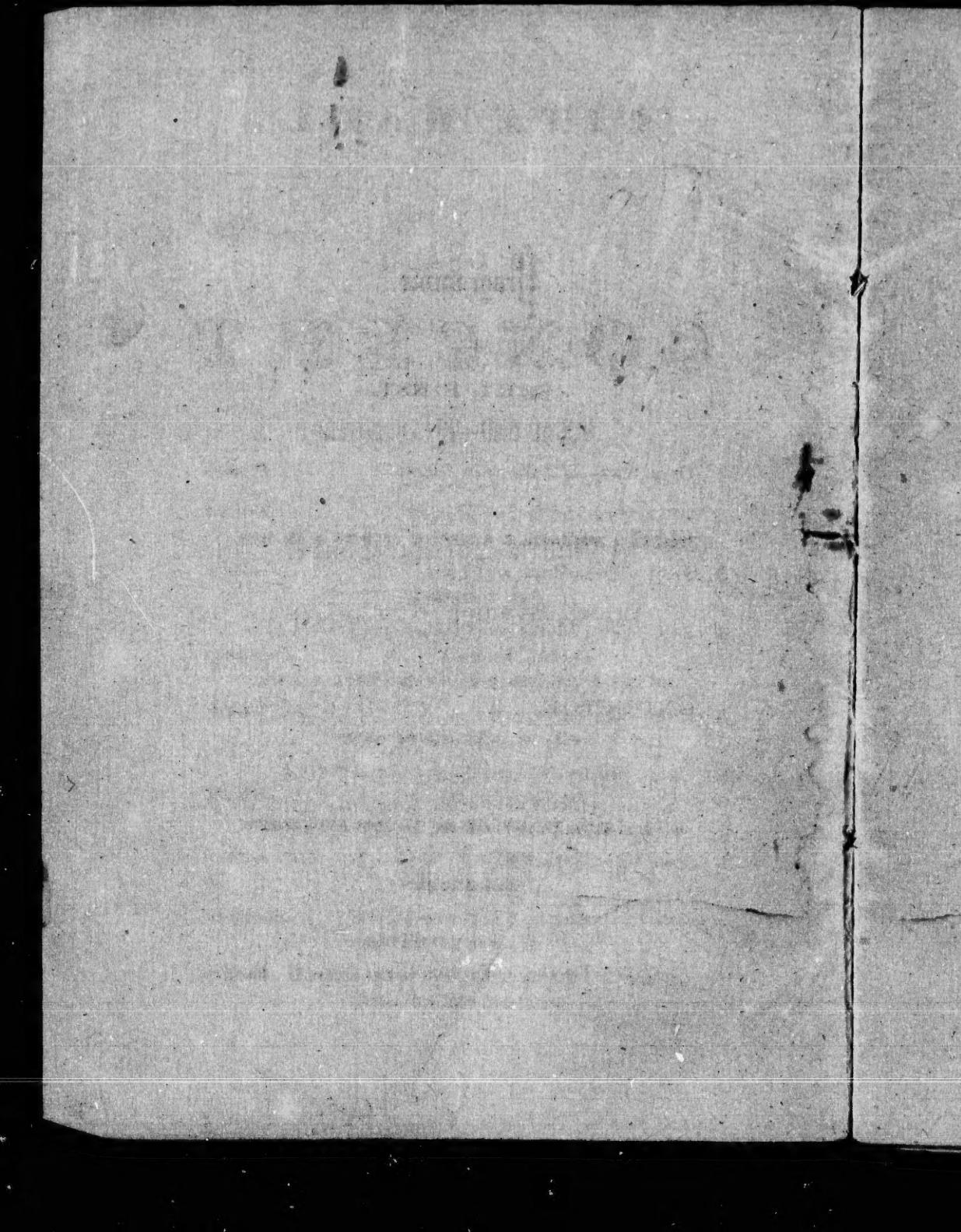
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Programme.

PART FIRST.

- 1 OVERTURE—*L'Italiana in Algeri*.....*Rossini*.
- 2 QUARTETTE—*Soldier's Farewell**Kucken.*
MESSRS. J. MARSHALL, G. B. SIPPI, W. FURNESS, & DR. SIPPI.
- 3 SONG—*'Twas Rank and Fame*.....*Balfe*.
MR. J. MARSHALL.
- 4 TRIO—(Two Flutes and Piano Forte,)
Ombra Adorata,.....*Zingarelli.*
MESSRS. E. QUINONES, R. J. D. MACKIE AND G. B. SIPPI.
- 5 DUET—*The Sailor Sighs**Balfe.*
MISS WILLIAMS AND DR. SIPPI.
- 6 TRIO—(Violin, Violincello and Piano Forte,)
Andante No. 2,.....*Haydn.*
MR. C. B. SIPPI, DR. SIPPI AND MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.
- 7 SONG—*The Requital*.....*Blumenthal.*
MISS WILLIAMS.
- 8 SOLO—(Clarionette,) *Verloures Glück*.....*Baerman,*
MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.
- 9 CHORUS—*Come where the Cowslip bloweth*: *Buckley.*
HELLMUTH COLLEGE CHOIR.

PART SECOND.

- 1 TRIO—(Violin, Violincello and Piano Forte,) Rondo All' Ongarese..... *Haydn.*
MEERS. G. B. SIPPI, ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH AND DR. SIPPI.
- 2 CAVATINA—Come into the garden, Maud..... *Balfe.*
DR. SIPPI.
- 3 SOLO—(Piano Forte.) Rondo Brillante, *Mendelssohn.*
MISS OLINTON.
- 4 QUARTETTE—Evening..... *de Call.*
MEERS. J. MARSHALL, G. B. SIPPI, W. FURNESS & DR. SIPPI.
- 5 FANTASIE—(Violin and Piano Forte,) Faust, *Singelée.*
MR. G. B. SIPPI AND MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.
- 6 SONG—The Iron Blacksmith *J. L. Hatton.*
MR. WM. FURNESS.
- 7 FANTASIE—(Flute and Piano Forte,) La Fille du Regiment *Heinemeyer.*
- 8 DUET—(Piano Forte,) Invitation to Waltz,.... *Weber.*
MASTERS L. BETTS AND WM. GORDON.
- 9 CHORUS—Heart of Oak *Boyce.*
HELLMUTH COLLEGE CHOIR.
10. FINALE—God Save the Queen.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

OVERTURE--*L'Italiana in Algeri* *Rossini.*

QUARTETTE. SOLDIER'S FAREWELL. *Kucken.*

MESSRS. J. MARSHALL, G. SIPPI, W. FURNESS,
AND DR. SIPPI.

Before the morning sun is beaming,
And soldier's of their conquests are dreaming,
The drum sounds to arms ! to arms !

Dearest maid, now fare-thee-well.

And while the call to arms is pealing,
Each soldier to his true-love is stealing,
Perhaps to bid the last farewell ;

Dearest maid, now fare-thee-well.

While undisturbed all others are sleeping,
Her bright eyes thro' the casement are peeping,
The drum arous'd alarm and fear,

Dearest maid, now fare-thee-well.

Farewell, dear maid, and cease thy weeping,
We all are here, in heav'n's keeping ;
The Soldier's bride will true remain,
Dearest maid, now fare-thee-well.

SONG.

'TWAS RANK AND FAME.

Balfe.

MR. J. MARSHALL.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
 'Twas empire charm'd thy heart ;
 But love was wealth, the world to me.—
 Then, false one, let us part.
 The prize I fondly deemed my own,
 Another's now may be ;
 For ah ! with love, life's gladness flown,
 Leaves grief to wed with me :—
 Leaves grief alone to me.

Tho' lowly bred and humbly born,
 No loftier heart than mine ;
 Unlov'd by thee my pride would scorn
 To share the crown that's thine.
 I sought no empire save the heart
 Which mine can never be :
 Then, false one, we had better part,
 Since love lives not, lives not in thee.
 Yes, false one, better part,
 Since love lives not in thee.

TRIO—(Two Flutes and Piano Forte.)

Ombra Adorata. *Zingarelli.*

MESSRS. E. QUINONES, R.J.D. MACKIE, AND G.B. SIPPI.

DUET.

THE SAILOR SIGHS.

Balfe.

MISS WILLIAMS AND DR. SIPPI.

The sailor sighs, as sinks his native shore,
 As all its lessening turrets bluely fade ;
 He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,

And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.
 Ah ! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,
 Recall'd and cherished in a foreign clime,
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
 Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time.
 True as the needle homeward points his heart,
 Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;
 This the last wish that would with life depart,
 To see the smile of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
 Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave ;
 When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
 Still, still he views the parting look she gave.
 Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;
 And when the beating billows round him roar,
 Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.
 Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
 In many a plantain forest waving wide,
 Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
 And giant palms o'erarch the golden-tide.

But, lo, at last he comes with crowded sail,
 Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend ;
 And, hark ! what mingled murmurs swell the gale,
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.
 'Tis she, 'tis she herself, she waves her hand,
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd,
 Soon through the whit'ning surge he springs to land,
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

TRIO—(Violin, Violincello and Piano,)

Andante No. 2 Haydn.

MR. G. B. SIPPI, DR. SIPPI, AND MR. ST. JOHN HYTTEN-
 RAUCH.

SONG,

THE REQUITAL.

Blumenthal.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Loud roar'd the tempest, fast fell the sleet,
 A little child-angel pass'd down the street,
 With trailing pinions and weary feet.

The moon was hidden ; no stars were bright ;
 So she could not shelter in heav'n that night,
 For the angel's ladders are rays of light.

She beat her wings at each window pane,
 And pleaded for shelter, but all in vain ;
 Listen, listen, they said, to the pelting rain.

She sobb'd, as the laughter and mirth grew higher,
 Give me rest and shelter beside your fire,
 And I will give you your heart's desire,

The dreamer sat watch'ing his ember's gleam,
 While his heart was floating down hope's bright streams,
 So he wove her wailing into his dreams.

The worker toil'd on, for his time was brief,
 The mourner was nursing her own pale grief,
 They heard not the promise that brought relief.

But fiercer the tempest rose than before,
 When the angel paused at a humble door,
 And asked for shelter and rest once more.

A weary woman, pale, worn and thin,
 With the brand upon her of want and sin,
 Heard the child-angel and took her in,-

Took her in gently, and did her best
 To dry her pinions, and made her rest,
 With tender pity, upon her breast.

When the eastern morning grew bright and red,
 At the first sunbeam the angel fled,
 Having kissed the woman, left her dead.

Solo—(Clarionette,) Verloures Glück.....Baerman.

MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

**CHORUS. COME WHERE THE COWSLIP
BLOWETH.** *Buckley.*

HELLMUTH COLLEGE CHOIR.

Come where the cowslip bloweth,
 Come where the primrose lies ;
 Where the gentle violet growtheth,
 And the green turf never dies.
 I'll haste, my love, to greet thee,
 Where the roses and lilies blow ;
 I'll ever wish to meet thee,
 Where the forest flowrets grow.
 Come, Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,
 And I'll crown thee, love, with a wreath of flowers,
 And thou shalt be queen of those fairy bowers ;
 And birds that fly from tree to tree
 Shall gladden thy heart with their minstrelsy ;
 I will be with thee there, and we
 Shall be happier far than those birds can be.

Come where the dew-drops glisten
 In the rays of the morning sun,
 Like the richest pearls that ever
 From a foreign land have come ;
 Where the gentle stream is flowing
 'Neath the bud and blossom rare,
 And the perfum'd wind is blowing

O'er flow'rets rich and fair.
Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,
Oh ! meet me in the soft, still night,
And we'll dance on the green in the clear moonlight ;
We'll hold our joyous revelry
'Neath the spreading branch of an old oak tree ;
And we'll make our home in the forest free,
And a happy home shall it be for thee.
Come where the cowslip bleweth,
Come where the primrose lies ;
Where the gentle violet groweth,
And the green turf never dies.
Come, Come, Come, Come, Come.

Part Second.

TRIO—(Violin, Violincello and Piano.)

Rondo All' Ongarese. *Haydn.*

**MESSRS. G. B. SIPPI, ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH, AND DR.
SIPPI.**

CAVATINA.

Ba'fe.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

DR. SIPPI.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night has flown ;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.

And the woodbine splices are wasted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,

Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat night is flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate. alone,

Queen of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one.
 Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat night has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud.
 She is coming, my own, my sweet,
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed.
 Come, my own, my sweet.
 Maud, come, I am here at the gate, alone.

SOLO—(Piano Forte,) Rondo Brillante.....Mendelssohn.

MISS CLINTON.

QUARTETTE.

EVENING.

L. de Call.

MESSRS. J. MARSHALL, G. B. SIPPY, W. FURNESSE, AND DR. SIPPY.

Come silent evening o'er us,
 And as thou closest o'er us
 We'll chant our humble strain.
 See twilight fast descending,
 The sun his last rays bending,
 Now glimmers on the rill.
 Now lovely nature weareth
 Too soon the garb of night,
 And beautiful appeareth
 The moon with silvery light.

Hark ! thro' the silence reigning,
 The flute's soft murmur'ring song,
 While nightingales complaining,
 Their melting notes prolong.

In calm and quiet slumber,
 The fading landscape lies,
 And starlets without number
 Appear as evening dies ;
 The night wind lightly flying
 O'er hill and dale, that blows,
 Seems now to cease its sighing,
 And sink into repose.
 The valley late so glowing,
 Now lies in slumber deep,
 And o'er the streamlet flowing,
 The waves seem hush'd to sleep ;
 Then to the night-star waning,
 We'll pour our humble song,
 While echo's voice sustaining,
 Our notes shall sweet prolong.

FANTASIE—(Violin and Piano,) Faust. *Singelce.*

MR. G. B. SIPPI, AND MR. ST. JOHN HYTTENRAUCH.

SONG. THE IRON BLACKSMITH. *J. L. Hatton.*

MR. WM. FURNESS.

Old England has great warriors,
 Great princes and poets great,
 But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
 In the history of the ~~State~~.
 He is rich in the best of all metals,
 Yet silver he lacks, and gold ;

And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Tho' he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries,
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank,
Tho' he never doth break the law.
He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more ;
And a share concealed in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then hurrah for the Iron Blacksmith !
And hurrah for his iron crew !
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what a man can do.

FANTASIE—(Flute and Piano.)

La Fille du' Regiment..... Heinemeyer.

DUETT—(Piano Forte,) Invitation to Waltz..... Weber.

MASTERS L. BETTS AND WM. GORDON.

CHORUS.

HEART OF OAK.

Boyce.

HELLMUTH COLLEGE CHOIR.

Come cheer up my lads,
'Tis to glory we steer,

The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;
To honor we call you as freemen, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves;

Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men,
We always keep ready,

Steady, boys, steady !
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay.
 They never see us but they wish us away;
 If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c., &c.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
 Her standard be Justice, her watch-word "be free."
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing :
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our Queen !

Heart of oak, &c., &c.

FINALE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long may Victoria reign,
 God save the Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.